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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum meus grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimesque PATRES."

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CONTENTS OF NO. CCCLIII.

A FEW REASONS,	231
CHARLES LAMB,	235
THE CAVE OF SLEEP,	239
RAPHAEL AND HIS ART,	240
KENELM CHILLINGLY,	245
A SKATING SONG,	250
AN AGE OF NOVELS,	251
DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI,	257
ON A GLOVE,	261
LONGFELLOW'S "KAVANAGH,"	261
A NATION'S LITERATURE,	265
NOTABILIA,	268
Billiards—Not in the Curriculum.	
MEMORABILIA VALENSIA,	272
Our Record—Glee Club Concert—Junior Promenade Concert— Banger Rush—Henry T. Thomas—Prizes—Items.	
BOOK NOTICES,	276
EDITOR'S TABLE,	279

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XL.

FEBRUARY, 1875.

No. 5.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '75.

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CARL T. CHESTER,

ALMET F. JENKS,

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A FEW REASONS.

THE story of the American lady who, when asked what she thought of the gates of the Baptistery, replied that they might be beautiful, but she could not see anything remarkable in them, is an old one. How many of us, if we had not been told that these gates were wonderfully beautiful, were executed by a great artist, and had been for four centuries and more the admiration of the world, would have spoken differently? There can be but one answer. And it is our ignorance of art which serves as my pretext for calling attention to a subject which we are apt to pass by with very little notice. Questions about art and artists are continually coming up. I have frequently heard men in college make the most extraordinary criticisms of pictures and other works of art. Once away from here, our ignorance will not pass unnoticed. We do not live in an æsthetic age, as our fathers did. An acquaintance with art is becoming more and more necessary to the education of an educated man. Without at least a knowledge of the names and

characteristics of the old masters and their schools, of the different styles and orders of architecture, of the principal buildings and sculptures in the world, a man is in danger at any moment of exposing himself to ridicule.

The study of art is a most efficient means of intellectual and moral cultivation. It strengthens our imagination and enlarges its scope. It develops more quickly, and quite as thoroughly as any study, certain mental powers—as, for instance, those of observation and attention to details—which have no small practical bearing. It brings us into contact and sympathy with some of the master minds of the world, whose workings we could not otherwise understand. Michael Angelo, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, have left scarcely a line to tell us of their thoughts, their feelings, and their lives. As authors are known by their books, so are artists by their pictures. Art, and more especially architecture, has an intimate connection with history. Some knowledge of it is necessary to enlighten much of our reading. A change in the character of a people is certain to be followed by a change in its love and treatment of art. The mere study of its history tends to increase our love, and to cultivate our taste, for all that is beautiful.

A correct appreciation of art relieves our minds of several mistakes and prejudices. We are apt to think of artists as a class of men leading lazy, irregular lives, while, on the contrary, just the reverse is true of the majority. There is undoubtedly a great deal of Bohemianism among them, but to be successful in any branch of the fine arts requires as much work and talent as any other department of human labor. We are also inclined to undervalue the artist and his profession. Whether this arises from a natural antipathy between artists as a class and people engrossed in the practical affairs of life, as some have argued, is immaterial. That such a tendency should exist, however, in a country where the artist is entirely dependent on the people for support and encouragement, is particularly unfortunate.

In England a young artist has the Royal Academy to look forward to. In France he has the Institute. Here he has nothing. The profession of an artist is considered lower than that of a clergyman or a lawyer. It is universally acknowledged that the truest pictures of modern life are found in the modern novel. Let anyone, therefore, who is inclined to doubt the truth of the preceding remark, recall to his mind that scene in Scott's "St. Ronan's Well," where the guests at a dinner cannot believe Tyrrell to be an artist simply because his manners are good. Or let him read those places in "The Newcomes" where art and artists are spoken of; or later yet, that passage in "Little Dorrit," when Mrs. Gowan, on hearing of the determination of her son to become an artist, was "frightfully shocked," "suffered the keenest distress of mind from Henry's having taken up such a pursuit," etc. But this is all changing. Though the day will never come, (and indeed it is not desirable, even if it were possible that it should come,) when, as in the time of Michael Angelo, the completion of a statue or any great work of art will be the occasion of a national festival, yet this undervaluation of art and artists is rapidly giving way to a kinder and better spirit. This is certainly true of England, and I think I am not claiming too much when I add that it is true of America.

But laying aside all questions of intellectual culture and sentiment, are there not other reasons why we should study art? I have said nothing about it as a source of enjoyment, and am merely repeating a truism in saying that a favorite pastime, combining amusement and improvement, is beneficial to man. Nothing combines these two to so great a degree as the study and practice of any one of the fine arts. Such a study arouses our better nature; and, by revealing to us the lives of some of the most disinterested men who have ever lived, men who have sacrificed everything for their profession, tends to make us take a less selfish view of life and of mankind. Innumerable treatises have been written to prove the moral influence of art. I shall not therefore dwell upon this point. By

studying it we learn to appreciate it, and by appreciating it we improve it, for thus we encourage the artist to grander and more daring efforts. That which is true of the orator and of the actor is true of him. Encouragement in most cases is as necessary to the one as to the other. Then, if we have any desire to make ourselves art connoisseurs, or even to acquire any definite knowledge of the criticism of art, we cannot rely upon the opinions of one set of men. The disagreements of artists are proverbial, and arise as much from a few standing controversies as from any other cause. Hence the necessity of forming one's own opinions by patient labor; and there is no better time to commence that labor than while in college. The majority of us will have little leisure after we graduate, and that little, if devoted to study at all, will be given to other subjects. Our Art School offers us greater advantages than we can find elsewhere. A few weeks or, better, a few months, spent now in systematic reading for those who wish to obtain a knowledge of the history of art, and of actual practice under the supervision of one of the professors in that school for those who wish to obtain an insight into its principles, will be of more real value than years spent in dilettanteism. But I do not wish to indulge in a homily upon lost opportunities. I have purposely avoided all the criticism of art in general, and my sole object has been to give a few reasons why we should devote some time to the study of this very important subject.

CHARLES LAMB.

WITH few authors can we establish so intimate an acquaintance as with Charles Lamb. The quiet pursuits and the monotonous employment, which characterized his life, are well known to those who choose to read his works and his letters. He has himself written his own biography in his correspondence and his essays, and, with the exception of the terrible tragedy in his family, to which he never refers, there is little left for the biographer to relate, except amusing instances of his eccentricity and kindly nature. His correspondence is the least-read portion of his writings, and yet no portion better repays the perusal. On reading them, we feel that Lamb has strong claims to taste and literary ability outside his essays. Indeed, his essays and his letters fuse together. There is ever present in the latter the same graceful style, the exuberance of wit and humor, that we discover in his published works, and the warm friendship and deep affection which is noticeable in his essays, display themselves with a freedom which he did not grant to writings destined for the public eye. He himself, free from egotism, lays bare to us his heart, and we see clearly the nature of the man, we understand the great sacrifice of inclination to duty, which, without a murmur, he made, during his whole life.

Whatever aspirations Charles Lamb may have cherished with reference to a life purely literary were sadly shattered by the death of his mother, by the hands of her own daughter. From the day of his mother's death to that of his own decease, Charles Lamb's chief anxiety and best care were for his sister. Literature was to him not a profession but a pastime. He looked for subsistence for himself, and what he called his "family," to the drudgery of a clerkship, and he really enjoyed little in which his "best friend and sister" did not share.

Shakspeare, in his greatest work, has shown how slight is the partition which divides reason and insanity.

It is a curious question, and yet not altogether, I think, a senseless one, as to whether Charles Lamb was not at times insane. Insanity was inherent in the family, his own mind was for a short interval deranged, his sister, throughout a long life, was subject to fits of delirium, and many anecdotes are told of the man himself, which are proof that he was at times, if not out of his mind, abnormally eccentric. A modern novelist has made the startling statement, for which he pretends to give authority, that it can rarely be determined whether anybody is sane. The statement is extreme, but when we remember the cases in which men on trial for their life have been acquitted by juries of fairly-intelligent and respectable men, on the ground of temporary insanity, and that the seal of justice has been set to verdicts outraging all what we consider common-sense, the statement is not wholly unwarrantable. The imagination which could create the essay on "Roast Pig" and the reverie of "Dream Children must have had great compass; the mind which could find humor in such a subject as "Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts," or "The Disadvantages of being Hanged," was strangely eccentric.

Still further evidence is given in the utter neglect of propriety and social observance, the inability to restrain emotion, which at times made him so pitifully ludicrous. Mary Lamb was of the same blood, of talent not unworthy the sister of Elia; yet scarcely a year of her life passed during some portion of which she was not a raving maniac. The question is difficult, and not to be unquestionably decided, until the difference between eccentricity and insanity is clearly defined, until it is determined what separates the light of reason from the gloomy shadow of derangement. Unreason cast enough of gloom over the life of Elia, for of all the sad pictures in the lives of literary men, none is more pitiful than that of Charles Lamb leading his sister to the insane asylum, at a time which she had herself appointed and forewarned, both weeping bitterly; she, woman-like, endeavoring to restrain her tears, that she might calm him.

Charles Lamb was, I suppose, in strictest sense, a cockney. Not even Dr. Johnson was more enthusiastic in love for his native city, and though, during his whole life, he dreamed of the country, though he subscribed with eagerness to Coleridge's picture of the enjoyment of a cottage life, and though his last years were spent in a village; yet, like the great lexicographer, he never found much enjoyment outside London. "I have been to France, and eaten frogs," was all he ever wrote about his trip over the Channel. Inseparably do we in our minds connect the bustle and the haste, the activity and the glitter of great capitals with their inhabitants. The cloister and the grove are symbolic of quiet and peace, and yet, I doubt if a man can live more to himself, can be more solitary or unnoticed, in the monastery or the wilderness, than in great centres of business. In the case of Charles Lamb this was eminently true. In the midst of activity, a clerk in the greatest commercial house in London, within sight of St. Paul's, and in the heart of the world's great metropolis, the better portion of his life was as peaceful as a hermit's. With the exception of an occasional visit to the theatre, to a dinner with some of his friends, or one of his own quiet receptions, his life, especially the early portion of it, when his habits, social and mental, were forming, was quiet and domestic. This undoubtedly exercised great influence on his manner of thinking. Himself fond of old things, old books and old friends, because they were old and familiar, accustomed to simplicity, and with no great knowledge of human nature, his writings are in the same manner characterized. His comedy failed, although its wit is equal to that of most comedies, because the plot and incident were not natural, nor the characters consistent. Many of his essays, while not monotonous, are on the same class of subjects, and his poetry and prose evince, as he himself has said, that his "household gods do not easily seek Lavinian shores."

The development of genius is a curious study. It was the belief of Charles Lamb that he was born to

be a poet and his earliest literary venture was poetical. His poems were printed only to be severely criticized at the time of their publication, and to be forgotten afterwards, or only read by his admirers and friends, to whom every line of his writings must be dear. His poetical writings are not of great merit. His ability is displayed not in the more elaborate and richer fields of literature, but in the less traveled paths and by-ways. Even his reviews and criticisms of dramatic authors are bright and sparkling rather than thoughtful, his more pretentious works less readable and pleasant than his essays. His works are detached pieces of beauty, bits of *genre* painting rather than elaborate historical pieces.

To what rank in literature Charles Lamb should be assigned, it is not for me to say. The position of the essayist has never been determined. Generally, writers of this class have rested their reputation on graver works; their essays have been subordinated to more elaborate writings.

Charles Lamb's whole literary fame is founded on his essays and his correspondence; his poems and dramatic works bear witness to his taste alone; they do not increase his fame. One century hence the works of Elia will no longer be classed among modern literature, and, as writing of their nature is for the most part ephemeral, they may not be read. Still, just as readers of the present day turn with pleasure to the "Spectator," so, we predict, then will men of taste, desiring relaxation, read with pleasure and satisfaction the inimitable Essays of Elia.

W. B.

THE CAVE OF SLEEP.

OVID METAMM XI, 592-615.

Near the Cimmerian country
In a long recess and deep
Is a hollow mountain cavern,
The home of slothful sleep.

Into this gloomy cavern
Old Sol's rays ne'er can come,—
Not at the rising, nor mid-day,
Nor at the setting sun.

Clouds mingled with black darkness
Are exhaled from the ground ;
And misty evening's dim twilight
Is ever to be found.

No wakeful, crested chanticleer
Doth waken with his lay
The daughter of the morning,
Who leadeth forth the day,
Nor voice e'er break the stillness
That in the cave doth stay.

Nor do dogs e'er break the silence,
Or geese more wise than these ;
Nor forest beast, nor flocks, nor branch
Stirred by the passing breeze.

Nor does the busy hum
Of a city's bustling din,
Nor sound of human voice
This cave e'er enter in.

Mute quiet dwells within the cave,
And maketh there her home,
And from the bottom of a rock
Lethæan waters come,

Whose stream with softest glidings
O'er many pebbles flows,
And by its gentle, murmuring sound,
Invites to sweet repose.

Before the door grows poppy,
And herbs which none can number,
From which the Night collects and spreads
Through the darkened earth sound slumber.

No door with creaking hinges
Within the cave is found,
No guard upon the threshold
Casts a wary eye around.

But in the midst a couch is reared
On high with ebon pall,—
A sable, feathery covering
Floats down and shrouds it all.

Upon this couch a god reclines,
His limbs by languor freed ;
Around him flit a hundred dreams,
Each one with headlong speed.

Vain dreams around him flit,
With many a changing form,—
As many as the harvest bears
Of ears of golden corn ;

As many as the forest trees
Lose leaves in autumn days,
Or as the shore has grains of sand
Cast up by seething waves.

C. S.

RAPHAEL AND HIS ART.

“PRESENT and future time,” said Joshua Reynolds, “are rivals. He who pays court to the one, must expect to be discountenanced by the other.” He has himself exemplified the truth of the aphorism: his easel, though it has, in the vigorous language of Macaulay, “preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons,” and though conceded by contemporary critics to lead the arts of the century, has, in a measure, failed to justify its distinguished claims. But great genius

or great good fortune have enabled a few men to do more than this—to command the reverence both of their own time and of posterity. Raphael was so happy as to combine both these elements of power.

When he entered upon his career, art was just emerging from the dry, stiff style introduced by the Greek painters of the thirteenth century. It had little grace of posture or beauty of expression; its grouping was irregular and defective, often violating all rules of perspective and unity; and the scenery was always unnatural and often even puerile. A little before his time, though not long enough to affect the originality of his works, a circle of brilliant minds had arisen from the long lethargy of the middle ages. Corregio at Parma, Titian at Venice, Angelo at Florence, Leonardo da Vinci everywhere, were suddenly bringing the arts which had lain dormant for more than a millenium to a high state of perfection. But Raphael did not receive the benefit of the new ideas which were springing up about him. His artistic training and inspiration came from a follower of the old stereotyped school, and it is therefore virtually true that his own individual efforts developed art from the state in which he found it to the perfection in which he left it. There were among his competitors two men designated by modern philosophical historians the greatest minds of the age, but with the easy self-confidence of genius peculiar to him he surpassed them all. He held with ease a pre-eminent position in the most polished court of Europe, and at the same time continued his labors with a perseverance and profusion of results which are simply marvelous. All this he accomplished in seventeen years, and before he had completed his thirty-seventh.

We are apt to undervalue the talent of the artist. Painting in the middle ages, as the theatre had been among the Greeks, was a means of popular education. Men of intelligence sought it to express their thoughts and mould the minds of the people. But the invention of the printing press supplanted its practical utility; before, it was a necessity; now, it is only an ornament.

Genius naturally turns its efforts to the readiest thoroughfares of thought, to the pen rather than the brush, and painting has lost the importance it once possessed. We easily infer that its scope is too restricted for minds of the highest order; but it is a mistake. Above a certain elevation genius of all kinds becomes one. It requires the same grasp of thought, the same power of imagination and elegance of execution to move the human heart, whether the medium is oratory, poetry or painting.

The last two arts have been so often compared, that "*Muta poesis, pictura loquens*" has come to be a sententious definition of them both. There is certainly a strong sympathy between them. It seems to me that Titian, in the delicious blending of colors, the sensuous beauty and exuberance of feeling and vivid emotion which are said to characterize his works, must have figured on canvas what Shelley so gloriously expressed in words when he caused the Earth, inspired by the Spirit of Love, to exclaim:

"The joy, the triumph, the delight, the madness,
The boundless, overflowing, bursting gladness,
The vaporous exultation not to be confined;
Ha ! ha ! the animation of delight
That wraps me, as an atmosphere of light,
And bears me as a cloud is borne by its own wind."

We have all felt the power of Doré's illustrations—a power, too, which does not seem quite orthodox; it smacks visibly of the infernal. Resembling Angelo in accurate acquaintance with the human figure, he is, like him, closely allied to the genius of Dante. The weird, unearthly spirit of the Inferno, the awful, writhing agonies, seem to have entered his very soul and he has made them more than real.

It is more difficult to find among men of letters a caste of mind similar to Raphael's. His genius was so generous and inclusive that it did not fall into those idiosyncracies which individualize most men. "*Il Divino*" is the only epithet which has been applied to him, but it is exactly the right one. It does not, as is often the case, vaguely indicate those pleasing qualities which each

observer finds agreeable to himself, but it is a literal and discriminating interpretation of the spirit which he has infused into his paintings and of the division of sentiment which they represent and embrace in art. In this sense the same epithet may be applied, I think, with some restrictions, to Milton; at least no other poet seems to approach it so closely. Homer would have deserved the title in a fuller sense had the Grecian mythology been less human—had he worshiped the true God; but he lived too soon for this.

An art, then, as intricate and exalted as poetry, was carried from a state of mediocrity to absolute perfection, by one man, in the space of seventeen years! What must have been his genius, the wealth of his resources, the intensity of his labor! Italian painting and Grecian sculpture are the only arts which man has *finished*. We can imagine a more perfect poem than the *Iliad*; a more interesting, though, perhaps, not a more elaborate, than *Paradise Lost*. Critics have exclaimed in one breath that Pope was no poet, and in the next that he was greater than Shakespeare! But in judging the masterpieces of the brush and chisel no such doubts perplex us. We can imagine nothing more sublime than the friezes of Phidias, nothing more beautiful than the Holy Families of Raphael. How strange that two nations of the same climate, upon the same sea, should bring to perfection, each in marvelously short periods of time, these two kindred arts—a perfection such that the miserable, mutilated fragments which have descended to us are the models which we strive to equal and are unable to excel.

It has been said, indeed, that Raphael was the Virgil and Angelo the Homer of art—that he drew his conceptions from the works of his great rival. But this was hardly possible—they were not sufficiently alike. Angelo went as far beyond Raphael in pursuit of the ideal as Titian fell behind him. The last copied nature as he found her, with exquisite precision and effect, but he partly lost the element of poetry. The first clung too closely to the ideal, overlooking much that was beautiful.

Raphael, with whom the art of design was as natural as breath, combined the abstract and the real in exactly just proportions. He cultivated his taste by studying the grace and symmetry of antique models, and even achieved the Grecian ideal, acknowledged to be the very archetype of human beauty. But Angelo saw nothing in Greek art but strength, muscular development and the science of design; its influence appears in his, profound knowledge of the human form. Angelo's genius was, in fact, peculiar, and to appreciate what it accomplished we must study his life. The world has seen but a few such men. He had a soul which, independently of his genius, raised him, like Beethoven and Dante, above mankind—

"Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man."

All his life he was a recluse. His thoughts were too pure, too exalted, to be returned by other men; and so he lived and died alone. By nature detesting despotism, he saw his countrymen crushed into slavery until they had lost the spirit of independence. Despising money, he was besieged by an intensely avaricious family. "Though rich, he lived as a poor man:" surrounded by the temptations of a voluptuous court, he remained chaste. But he cherished an austere, platonic passion for a woman as proud and noble as himself. He bowed in spirit before her as Dante before Beatrice. She died, and left him "downstricken as if deranged." Years later he bore heavily the burden of a great grief—that he had kissed her hand, and not her cheek or brow, as she lay dying. It was as though the spirit of Olympian Jove, cleansed of all his gross humanities, had descended into the body of a man, and there, yearning to be free, wrought out in marble the emotions of struggling deity. Such was the genius of Angelo; eminently that of a sculptor. His eager, impatient mind could not endure the tedious processes of the brush. The clear, cold, magnificent proportions in which he gloried were only sufficiently imposing when, cut from pure marble, they stood under the dome of

St. Peter's or in the halls of the Vatican. What resemblance can there be between the works of this man, "cleansed as by fire;" struck out by a bold, impetuous will, nervous, thrilling and alive, at the risk of ruin; clear and incisive as though shaped by a thunderbolt; and the calm, composed paintings of Raphael? showing, indeed, an equally profound and noble art, but removed in execution by the whole diameter of the circle.

One was naturally a sculptor and the other a painter, a fact strikingly illustrated by an incident in their lives. While Raphael was enjoying his greatest fame at Rome, Angelo lived in retirement at Florence. Animated by frequent reports of his success and a spirit of generous rivalry, Angelo determined to enter the lists against him; but feeling, as he must, that he was losing a portion of his strength in passing from sculpture to painting, and that he was not sufficiently skillful in the use of colors, he engaged Sebastian del Piombo, the most expert colorist of Venice, to paint from his designs. Aware of the powerful combination against him, Raphael undertook his greatest work, the Transfiguration, while Angelo submitted in opposition that wonderful production—the Raising of Lazarus. The artists might have made an exchange with mutual advantage. A grander subject for the dramatic talent of Raphael, in the development of posture, passion and character, could hardly be conceived; while the peculiar nature of the Transfiguration would have been well adapted to the abstract genius of Angelo, though offering little play to the fervid conceptions of Raphael. Notwithstanding this fact, and the array of the highest skill in color and design against him, the triumph of Raphael was complete. Had he met his rivals a second time, he would inevitably have gained a more decisive victory; but before that time could arrive, the hand of death fell upon him.

The broad distinction between the minds of these two men will be more clearly visible if we compare for a moment ancient and modern art. There was in the Grecian mind a tendency to individualize—to concentrate thought

upon single salient points. We see it in the peculiar action of their theatre, in the isolated character of their sculpture, and it is easily apparent even in their literature. The plays of Sophocles well illustrate this fact, and I think it appears with striking force in the two longer poems of Homer; in the *Iliad*, where Achilles, blazing with the manifest terrors of the Deity, rushes forth upon the field of battle, and with his voice alone turns the tide of victory—mingling human energy with the mysterious and awful influence of the gods; and in the *Odyssey*, where Ulysses throws off his base disguise, leaps upon the threshold and rains his terrible arrows among the cowering suitors; the whole interest in each case converges to a single point, brought out with such intense and transcendent energy that the whole power of the leading character seems condensed and hurled forth in one unrivalled effort.

In the same way Greek art is centralized by the almost exclusive use of the single figure, and it thus strives to render character prominent rather than emotion. Hercules Farnese is the impersonation of physical power, Apollo of manly beauty. The Laocoon is a type of the most terrible contortions which fear and pain can produce in man; and so of others.

But when art revived in Italy it arose upon a new career—the time for the portrayal of abstract character had passed. While it had been asleep the world had been rapidly advancing. The gospel had been preached to the poor, Christ had suffered and art was become the auxiliary of His church. Its new mission was to illustrate His life, to engrave upon mankind the realities of Calvary, to depict the humility, the self-sacrifice, the yearning love of the Redeemer and draw all men to the foot of the cross. Such was the glorious work which called upon the genius of Italy, and no one could have been better fitted to respond than Raphael. He was consecrated in mind and soul; he was best able to move men's hearts by figures of most perfect beauty; to cause them to bow in anguish before the agonies of the cross.

But the nature of Angelo was far different. He yearned for the great ideal; for sublimity and strength and grandeur, clinging fondly to the bold conceptions of the Greeks. His was the stern, majestic spirit of Dante, and he realized the awful agony of the *Inferno* in his "Last Judgment." He was devout, indeed, but it was the devotion of the patriarch rather than of the disciple. It was as though Angelo were holding on high the tables of stone and threatening the terrors of the law, while Raphael was urging mankind with the sweet eloquence of the Saviour to repent and be saved.

M. H. P.

KENELM CHILLINGLY.

I REMEMBER, in my childhood, reading the story of an angel who, by a strange chance, became an inhabitant of our world. Afar off, in some distant star, he had gazed with wonder upon the bright face of Earth, and speculated upon her destiny. He had often desired to visit her. One day the good Father in heaven offered to gratify his desire, if he would submit to all the conditions imposed upon man and, in fact, become one of us. Having agreed to this, he was provided with a human body, and, without any previous knowledge, was placed in the world to act for himself. His wonder at what he saw about him, his curiosity to find out its meaning, his guileless delight in all our pleasures, and his *naïve* terror when first he became aware of the existence of pain and death, were all depicted with a skillful touch. And in truth it was a conception worthy of the pencil of a master artist. It has often seemed to me that some similar story must have suggested to Bulwer the plan of *Kenelm Chillingly*. *Kenelm* himself, until the very close of the book, is so far devoid of personal interest in life, that his judgment upon it seems to come from the inhabitant of another sphere. And yet he is, after all, so very human that we never for one

moment lose our sympathy with him. He is like no single person whom one has ever met. And yet in some of his characteristics he is not unlike many an acquaintance. In fact, he is an anomaly and, for that reason at least, is worthy of study. What then was the author's design in writing the book? This is a question for which it will be the present attempt to furnish an answer.

It may be remarked at the outset that the plot-interest is reduced to a minimum, that, in fact, there is no plot properly so-called. It has been remarked, by a critic of some reputation, "that the *Vicar of Wakefield* is a valuable piece of literary work in spite of the poor way in which it is put together." A similar criticism upon *Kenelm Chillingly* might seem at first to be no more than just. A plot that permits its hero, though a gentleman, to travel around the country in the garb of a peasant, and thus allows his presence at any particular spot under almost any conceivable circumstances, cannot certainly prefer any claim to depth, and scarcely seems to give opportunity for the exercise of skill. And yet, perhaps, this very improbable career of *Kenelm* may be the best possible setting for a character like his. For, in this way, the plot is not allowed to withdraw the reader's attention from the character of the hero, upon the delineation of which the author has expended all his skill.

We are now prepared to answer the question "what is the design of the book?" It seems to me to consist in an attempt to trace the process by which a mind, for some reason devoid of all personal interest in what are generally called the objects of life, recovers or acquires such an interest.

When *Kenelm* is first introduced, the reader is struck by his great unlikeness to other children. This consists, not so much in an unwillingness to join in activities suited to his age, as in the different spirit which he carries into such activities. He is always self-conscious. This, at first sight, might seem to be due to selfishness. But it must rather be judged self-appreciation. He seems to feel, even from infancy, his own value. This naturally

fosters within him a very high sense of honor. He will never deviate in the slightest degree from his *regula honestatis*. This crops out rather oddly in an incident of his school life. He finds among his schoolmates a bully, to whom he will not render submission. The result is a fight, in which Kenelm is decidedly worsted. As soon as he reaches home in the holidays he begins to take boxing lessons. But, afraid lest in this way he was gaining an unfair advantage, he sends a letter to his enemy, telling him what he was doing, and advising him to do the same. His keen sense of honor increased as he grew older. Finding how far sham entered into the texture of ordinary life, and how necessary it seemed for attaining any "vulgar success," he gradually lost all ambition, and lived entirely within himself. To remedy this was the earnest aim of his father. He decided, when Kenelm graduated from school, to place him with a tutor, thoroughly conversant with the world, who should instruct him in the ideas which were to rule his age. The tutor chosen was an extreme realist. The presentation of this view of life as its true solution, was the very way to extinguish in the mind of Kenelm all the personal interest in it which he still felt. As we might expect, he left his tutor's hands to enter college, and left college to enter the world, fully convinced that life was a sham, determined that for himself the only part he would take should be that of spectator. And yet, underneath, there was hidden a naturally noble disposition, which saved him from seeking in pleasure or vice relief from this oppressive *ennui*.

We have thus followed the course of Kenelm until he has reached the very position in which he was conceived to be at the commencement of this article, namely, that of a person devoid of all personal interest in life, looking upon it with the gaze of a spectator, and yet, at the same time, endowed with all the attributes of a man, possessed, indeed, of many noble qualities that compel the reader's sympathy and regard. How is he to escape from this position? How are his great and noble qualities to obtain relief from this thralldom, and that opportunity of

development which shall enable him by them to be a blessing to himself and to the world at large. It is here that the author's plot seems exactly adapted to his supposed design. In order that he may thus escape, it is necessary for him to look at life from a new standpoint, or, in Kenelm's own words, to "change his skin." Kenelm, one morning, falls in with a wandering minstrel. This man was one who, in the intervals of his profession, enjoyed in this way a view of life from an unusual standpoint. The idea thus suggested to Kenelm impressed him very favorably. Why should not he, too, try the same plan? No sooner thought of than done. Arrayed in the dress of a country farmer, he started off that very morning to seek adventures. There is no time to give even a summary of these. All that concerns us is to notice the effect of such a life upon Kenelm himself. In the first place, it soon began to weaken materially his faith in realistic theories. Realism asserts that all those parts of our nature which used to be called noble are but the developments of an enlightened self-interest—that, in fact, they have no real existence. This he soon found to be false. In what way, is it asked? By his personal endeavors to help those with whom he came in contact in developing in themselves those same noble qualities. In watching and assisting their growth, he became convinced of the reality of their existence. Again, he saw happiness in spite of circumstances. The poor cripple found a joy in the love of family, in the affection of his wife and children, notwithstanding that want and hardship were often appointed him—a joy which Kenelm, with all his wealth, and culture, and taste, was unable to obtain. Thus gradually he became a thorough disbeliever in the theories of realism. But, though seeing and believing that others were happy in their lives, he knew not how to obtain this happiness for himself. So long separated by a "fixed gulf" from participation in what he saw around him, he knew not how to bridge over the chasm that divided him from his fellow mortals. Though acknowledging that life had in store great possibilities, he still felt no inclina-

tion to try those possibilities for himself. This last barrier was removed, once and forever, by a very weak hand—the hand of a woman. It is not to be supposed that Kenelm had up to this time been entirely unexposed to female charms. Ladies, of the most refined beauty, of the most winning manners, had often laid siege to his heart, yet all in vain. But he met his fate at last in the person of a girl, whose life had been passed in the seclusion of a country home, whose mind had been unformed by the culture of books, and whose tastes were simple, even childish. Yet there was about her an artless daintiness, a disposition to weigh practical life by the standards of poetry, and a possibility of development, which captivated him. Struggle against it as he would, the conviction steadily gained upon him that he was in love. He could not escape from the toils of Venus, and, stranger still, did not wish to. Although he knew that her father was a felon, and that she herself was penniless, he nevertheless would willingly have united his proud, aristocratic line with her humble and disgraced family; but the claims of honor compelled her to refuse him; and, crushed by a blow sudden and unexpected, Kenelm sought relief in foreign travel. A wanderer in almost every clime, he found nowhere a balm for his diseased spirit. He at last determined to return and see whether the sight of familiar scenes under new aspects would not remove the melancholy of his soul. He thus returned to find that she, for whom his life had been sacrificed, was no more, having died of a broken heart, just before her intended marriage with his rival. The quieting influence of time soothed the more severe pangs of a first bereavement. But the influence of his sorrow sanctified the remainder of his life. His heart, once opened to the companionship of others, never again became closed. He felt that “life was real,” and that to find in its various experiences the means of consecrating one’s existence to noble ends was worthy even of himself. He thus entered manfully into the conflict, and, from the closing chapter, we may gather that he won for himself an honorable position.

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The general scope of the book has thus been hurriedly pointed out. There remains only space to call attention to a single minor characteristic. In following out the plan of delineating life from the standpoint of an imaginary spectator, the author is enabled to place before us many modern theories as they appear when removed from the glare of sophistry, and examined by the dry light of common sense. On this account the book is especially worthy of the student's attention. The student, more than any one else, perhaps, is subject to the influences of his age. He is in the centre of all discussion, and is called upon, every day, to weigh subjects of the gravest importance. What wonder that he should sometimes lose his balance? Hence a book like *Kenelm Chillingly*, which strengthens the conservative element, is of special value to such an one. The perusal of its pages, though they contain but fiction, will go far towards counteracting the influence of the literature of the day. It will tend to check all inclination to engage in excursions across the boundaries of experimental knowledge.

A. R. K.

A SKATING SONG.

Here we are once again on the merry old lake
Where a few months ago we were gallantly rowing ;
Yet what's an oar now but a clumsy old stake
Since we've found such an expedite method of going?
For now we go sliding and whirling and gliding
And darting like phantoms and fairies along,
With motions so airy and voices so merry,
The hills seem to dance as they echo our song.

O where is the swallow that then crossed our bow
And circled around us in mocking defiance?
I would he were present to challenge us now,
For scarce would we stop to make formal compliance ;
But rapidly sliding, not whirling, but gliding
And darting like phantoms and fairies along,
We'd teach him that vanity smacks of insanity
And make his ears tingle with triumphing song.

But now let us slacken our speed for awhile
And practice the graces of outer-edge rolling ;
Dutch roll if you like, 'tis the pleasanter style
When you've once brought the swing into easy controlling.
Then here we go gliding, the art neatly hiding,
And floating in curves which entwine and advance,
Leaving magical traces that even the graces
Might use as a chart for a fairy-like dance.

How smoothly our thoughts flow along as we ride
Like a ship rocked to sleep on a sea of sweet dreaming ;
Now fancy hangs pinions of gold at each side,
And we fly far away to the land of the seeming,
Where, naught ill-betiding, we're peacefully gliding,
And winging our way 'mongst the fairies along,
Imbibing their pleasures and learning their measures
Of soft floating music and mirth-laden song.

Then hail, ever hail to a pleasure so true !
A pleasure so full of a changing emotion ;
Now stirring the blood in each veinlet anew,
Now filling the soul full of dreams and devotion.
So, while we are sliding and whirling and gliding
And floating like phantoms and fairies along,
Let us sing and be merry with hearts light and airy,
And make the hills dance to our far-rolling song.

C. M. S.

AN AGE OF NOVELS.

THE vitality of a literature consists in its ability to cast itself into different forms, and in the completeness with which it fills the mould in which it is fashioned. Judged by this standard, the literature of the English-speaking people must possess a vital force second to that of none of the nations of the world. Neither the German literature nor that of the Latin races can present manifestations more varied or more complete.

The study of our language informs us that there have been distinct periods in which peculiar forms of our literature have manifested themselves, which served to render pre-eminent the age in which they appeared.

Poetry has always been the primal form of a literature. It makes its appearance in the young days of a nation's life and then possesses a freshness and vitality, and manifests a vividness of the imagination, which the future does not preserve.

Our great age of poetry, then, has been and is gone. It was a time when the poetic spirit seized the thought and the language which expressed it, and fashioned a peculiar literature with which, at the time, aught else seemed insignificant in comparison.

A direct outgrowth of this age of poetry was the age of the drama, rendered illustrious by Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher and Ben Jonson.

Next we notice the age of philosophical writing and political satire.

A careful analysis of our literature shows that not a century passed without the introduction of some new fashion in letters.

The knowledge of this leads us to enquire what peculiar manifestation is now presented to us? What is the characteristic literature of the present day? What marks out the present age from that which has preceded it? It seems to me the answer can be found in the wonderful development of the Romance. Our age can properly be called the age of the Novel. Poets and dramatists we have had before, and of superior merit. We have them still, such as they are; but never were there novelists the equals of those of the present century. *They* will attract the interest of the future *litterateur*. Not alone is the number of works of fiction enormous, but the literature of the novel has in many cases an intrinsic worth which will outlive the age and become immortal.

The works of Scott, of Thackeray, of George Eliot, cannot be destined to an ephemeral popularity. The dictum of Pope, that the study of mankind is man, has been literally, though perhaps unconsciously, obeyed. The hidden workings of man's inmost thought, the most sacred feelings of the heart, have appeared upon the printed page.

The first glimmering of this new light in literature made its appearance in the works of DeFoe; but it was only faint and fitful. It began to take on form and become more distinct in the writings of Richardson, Fielding, Smollett and Goldsmith. But how different from the rough, disjointed efforts of these latter writers, is the artistic work of Thackeray, or the polished vigor of George Eliot!

It is in the works of Scott that we first see the novel in its modern form. He presents to us in a natural manner the development of the plot, and we observe new features in the nature of his characters, brought out by the gradual influence of varied circumstances and situations. There is nothing strained or overwrought in his fiction, and we observe this more especially in works which, like *Waverley* and *The Heart of Midlothian*, deal exclusively with Scottish character.

It is in comparison with the novels of Fielding and his contemporaries that the unique position of the modern novel is best observed. The chief defect of the early novel was that it was unnatural. Richardson was characterized by a deep self-introspection, and hence his characters were more as he imagined them to be than as they actually were; while Goldsmith, though presenting to us in the *Vicar of Wakefield* an interesting work, offers at the same time a medley of characters and incidents so confused, that we must after all call it a hodgepodge. There exists the same difference between the early and modern novel as between the Egyptian and Grecian sculpture. The types of the former are crude, cumbrous, ill-defined; of the latter finished, graceful, perfectly chiselled.

This new departure in literature must be the outgrowth of some underlying cause. Let us enquire what that cause is. It seems to me as if it were a counterbalance to the tendencies of the present age. We have become intensely practical, and, as a consequence, unimaginative. But the imagination is not permitted to be destroyed without a veto from our human nature. The

novel, therefore, is the result. It is a compromise between two opposing tendencies.

Our lives become prosaic and commonplace. We find relief by writing and by reading romance literature. Now, this is a manifestation, though in a milder form, of precisely the same reaction which took place in England after the overthrow of the Protectorate. The Puritans had been in power and had spread abroad their cheerless and unimaginative spirit. The great mass of the nation could finally endure it no longer, and with a surprising violence rushed to the other extreme, hailing with delight their libertine king, Charles the Second.

The first good novel ever read creates a feeling of exquisite pleasure, just because the dormant imagination is appealed to and awakened; and so we may safely say that it requires an unromantic age to appreciate romance.

Novels, therefore, become very powerful in their influence. They make us character students. If perfection be in any measure obtained in delineation of character, the reader begins to make comparisons between the ideal creation of the printed page and the actual original. In proportion as the similarity between the ideal and the actual increases, his interest is augmented and his power of discrimination increased.

The novelists of the present century have been successful in this, especially Scott and Dickens. What can be a truer type of the old Scotch Presbyterian than David Deans, or a fitter representative of a peculiar class of English servants than Mr. Samuel Weller?

George Eliot has this same power, but manifests it in a manner so different, that in treating subjects exactly similar to the preceding there is an indefinable something which distinguishes her style from that of every other writer in a similar field. She fashions characters, and, while doing so, seems to regard them, to use the words of the *Nation*, "from the heights of an analytic omniscience." If we catch such an idea from any work of hers, we observe immediately that the author and the author's creations are distinct.

A novel presents to the grasp of the hand the whole or a large portion of a life. Not only this; but as far as the record goes it is complete. Every incident and circumstance which develops character are clearly marked, and we observe their full effects. Men, in general, reflect but little; none have an idea of their lives in their completeness. A novel is then an educator in this respect. It causes reflection.

In an age like our own novels can be made great reformers, and we have had noble-hearted authors who have made them such. Charles Reade, in his "Terrible Temptation," struck forcibly for the overthrow of private insane asylums in England, institutions which have been the prisons of as clear intellects as men ever possessed. Some just objections have been made to the characters which appear in his works; but this much can be said in his favor, that he has written with a noble object in view and that object cannot be mistaken. There have been few sketches, not even excepting the masterpieces of Irving, which can equal his latest, "James Lambert."

Dickens reformed the debtors' prisons; and here, at home, we know there were few immediate instruments more powerful in overthrowing slavery than Uncle Tom's Cabin.

The danger, of course, in this peculiar period of literary development is that novel reading will be carried to such an extent, that in our admiration for the artificial we will forget the actual. But for the great mass of the people the danger is not imminent. It becomes so only to those in whom the imaginative faculty is already developed at the expense of common sense.

In an age of novels the successful writer becomes the object of much adulation. So it is always. We like him best who humors our tastes. Authors are called by the popular favor from their manuscripts to the lyceum. They are compelled to assume a new rôle, that of lecturer. Happy they if they stand the test, though it is to be feared that many shatter upon the lecturer's platform the reputation acquired in the stillness of the library.

For the present there is no sign of abatement in our romance literature.

War and civil strife have always given an impetus to novel writing, since they furnish dramatic incidents and situations; and people have not yet shaken off the pugnacious spirit in spite of advancing civilization. Hence we derive our historical novel. Modern society, too, in opposition to the materialistic tendency of the age, certainly will contain romantic elements. Hence we will derive our society novel, though may Fortune preserve us from authors who shall imitate the later style of Octave Feuillet. How the future may regard the writers of to-day we cannot determine; but it is certain that among the fiction which the age has produced there will be names that shall not be forgotten.

F. A. G.



DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

ONE of the tendencies of Art in the present age is toward Mediævalism. In nothing has this been more prominent than in church, and even domestic architecture. Avoiding the rudeness and discomfort of mediæval life, we have been content to adopt the Gothic arch, the mulioned, traceried window, the carven roof. The forms apparently quaint and impracticable have yet been adopted in many of the finest buildings of the last twenty-five years. All the richness and quaintness of mediæval art seems to have come back to us, and we like even its grotesqueness, which, like some old heraldic device, appeals to the imaginative and romantic sense.

The taste that has given so high a place in architecture to the mediæval, and in art to the pre-Raphaelite schools, has found expression in poetry in the poems of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. His poems are singularly weird and mystical. Indeed, mysticism of thought, with a subtle beauty of expression, gives them a character peculiarly

their own. To the mind of the reader they suggest something rich and artistic, like the colors of a beautiful stained window. William Morris, himself a poet of superior excellence, declares it a matter of wonder that a master in the difficult art of painting, as Rossetti is, should also be a master in the difficult art of poetry. But the one art is mingled with the other, and the colors of the palette have been transferred to the page.

Compared with other poets of the time, Rossetti occupies a place especially his own. He partakes of the delicate touch and beauty of Tennyson, the sentiment of Owen Meredith, and the fire and passion of Swinburne, with none of the latter's pruriency. If we were to compare Rossetti with any modern poet in the quality of his imagination, it would be with Swinburne. But there is a laudable absence of the impurity and wantonness of the author of "*Laus Veneris*," whose pages never blush for the shameful revelations of his amorous passion. A quotation from each of these poets will show the broad distinction in the moral tone of their writings. Swinburne in "*Before the Dawn*" expresses this sentiment, than which none can be more licentious and shameful :

"To say of shame—what is it?
Of virtue—we can miss it,
Of sin—we can but kiss it
And it's no longer sin."

Contrast this with Rossetti, who in one of his most sensuous poems, "*Jenny*"—we use the word sensuous in its higher meaning—gives utterance to this feeling of pity toward an erring heart :

"Like a rose shut in a book
In which pure woman may not look,
For its base pages claim control
To crush the flower within the soul ;
Where through each dead rose-leaf that clings,
Pale as transparent psyche wings,
To the vile text are traced such things
As might make lady's cheeks indeed
More than a living rose to read ;
* * * * *

And so the life-blood of this rose,
Puddled with shameful knowledge, flows
Through leaves no chaste hands may unclose."

And in this same poem the hideousness of lust is displayed by a striking simile.

One of the finest of Rossetti's picture poems is "The Staff and Scrip." A queen is oppressed by a mortal enemy; all fear to meet her foe. She is visited by a pilgrim who loves her. As a proof of his devotion, he offers to be the champion of her cause, and imperil his life in her defense. Though secretly loving him, she permits him to go forth to battle, and gives him a sword, a banner, and a shield. On the latter he paints her face. At his departure, he leaves, in charge of one of her maidens, his staff and scrip. These, should he fall, he directs to be given to the queen, to be kept by her forever. The queen hears the din of battle and the shout of victory; but the victor is brought back lifeless, his sword broken, and the bloody shield across his lips, where he had kissed her face. She remained faithful to his memory, and year after year, until her death, his staff and scrip hung above her head. The poem is odd and quaint in diction, and exceedingly delicate in fancy.

"The Blessed Damozel" describes one who, in Paradise, is separated from her earthly lover. Her love for him is unabated, and, amidst all the glory of the celestial world, she longs and prays that he may come hither:

" ' I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come,' she said.
Have I not prayed in Heaven?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid? "

" When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light;
We will step down as to a stream
And bathe there in God's sight."

The emotions of hope and disappointment are exquisitely portrayed, as the forms of angels, bearing, as she hopes, her loved one, approach her; "but soon their path was vague in distant spheres." The deep pathos and tenderness of the poem are expressed with wonderful power, and the devotion of love is eloquently described.

"Ave" is a hymn of praise, well-nigh of adoration, to the Virgin Mary; perhaps more like an apostrophe than a hymn, and is rich and pure in sentiment.

From "The Portrait" we quote these lovely lines:

This is her picture as she was :
It seems a thing to wonder on,
Although mine image in the glass
Should tarry when myself am gone.
I gaze until she seems to stir,—
Until mine eyes almost aver
That now, even now, the sweet lips part
To breathe the words of the sweet heart :—
And yet the earth is over her.

Lines, these, worthy the highest poetical genius. At the close of this sweet and tender poem is the beautiful conceit:

"While hopes and aims long lost with her
Stand round her image side by side,
Like tombs of pilgrims that have died,
About the Holy Sepulchre."

The poem of the highest dramatic power is "A Last Confession."

A splendid lyric is "Troy Town," quaint and rich in melody, full of passion and beauty. Its odd refrain gives it the air of some weird, solemn strain of music heard from an old instrument of the long ago. The sonnet and songs in "The House of Life" are all of great beauty, and recall Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portugese," being filled with the same burden of love and life. The songs have the charm of music sung in the various chords of melody. Sometimes bright and fresh:

"The thought still brings my soul such grace
As morning meadows wear."

Or again it's a plaint of sadness:

"Only across the shaken boughs
We hear the flood-tides seek the sea
And deep in both our hearts they rouse,
One wail for thee and me."

The most tender and touching of these is "A Little While;" the most striking in thought is "The Sea Limits." The sound of the sea's listless chime, the voices of the woods, the murmur of the thronging crowds of men, are but the one voice heard in wave and tree. The lips of the sea-shell tell us the same story of "desire and mystery," and

"Earth, sea, man are all in each."

When we read such thoughts we understand why the poet has been called a prophet. It is because of the deep insight of his soul, as if to him all things were revealed, and he understood the correspondence and relation of all things.

"Sonnets for Pictures" display the painter's hand, the artist's mind, and are word-pictures in themselves. One seems, in reading them, to be wandering through a gallery of handsome paintings, hardly knowing which to call the best.

Many poems of merit, as "Love's Nocturn," "The Stream's Secret," "Dante at Verona," and others, are worthy of mention. But justice can be done neither the poet or his works in a partial and imperfect description of this kind. We do, however, bear willing witness to the statement of William Morris, who avers, "Nor do I know what lyrics of any time are to be called great if we are to deny that title to these."

New poets from time to time chant their songs for us, but rarely is it our pleasure to listen to one whose interpretation of nature is so simple and natural, and in whose poems beauty, sentiment, passion and purity are so richly blended as in those of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. R. F.

ON A GLOVE.

Yes, there it lies ; a little glove
Of softest Spanish leather,
Which half-felt perfumes flit above
Like odors of the heather.

And, as at an enchanter's wand,
Dead memories, arisen,
Have cast their grave-clothes off, and stand
Like phantoms seen in vision.

Once more I see the level lands,
I hear the pine trees sighing ;
Once more my love before me stands,
While day in gold is dying.

Yet once again I fondly gaze
Upon her eyes' dark splendor,
And vow, as in those by-gone days,
No sky holds blue so tender.

Oh, hopes that bloomed that hour to fade,
Oh, faith and trust and love,
Ye, too, are but an empty shade—
Naught but a cast-off glove.

E. W. S.

LONGFELLOW'S "KAVANAGH."

A NEW England idyl, a poem in prose, told by one who was well acquainted with the life he describes, and knew its beauties as well as its apparent harshness. The plot is simple in the extreme, the characters are those we all of us know so well in novels of New England life, the scene is most familiar. We have the quiet country village, as yet unawakened by the so-called march of improvement. There is the minister, the schoolmaster, the deacon, the rich man of the village; there are the two girls, school-friends just growing into womanhood, and the hero, young, handsome, and intellectual, with whom

both fall in love, while he returns the love of one. Yet this simple tale is a tragedy, and one character stands out more clearly drawn, around whom the others are grouped, a tragic hero though he knew it not himself.

The petty dissensions of the village parishioners which resulted in the departure of the old minister from the scene of his life-long labors; the coming of the new incumbent, so different from his predecessor; the sorrows of the house-servant, whose somewhat aged affections have been trifled with; the unhappy love of Alice, and the happiness of Cecilia and Kavanagh, make up the thread of the story. But these people are the ordinary people of every-day life, whom we know. Their joys, sorrows and experiences are similar to those which are common to us all. It is the schoolmaster who draws our attention from the time when we first meet him. He is the central figure in the picture. A man of ability and taste, crammed with quaint knowledge, full of humor and possessing a delicate and poetic fancy, he is the mild tyrant of the village school, condemned to an uncongenial task. Yet he seems to live happily enough in his little cottage with his family, and looks forward to the time when he shall become known to a wider circle and earn their approval. He has dreams of literary reputation, and his brain is full of plans for literary labors, which shall bring him fame and fortune. Of his power to realize these dreams he has no doubt. There seems at first sight nothing very tragic in the life or character of such a man. Here is no poverty or sorrow, no broken heart or disordered intellect. Not until we look deeper do we understand clearly. Not until we trace this man's life out to its end can we see what a failure it was. The days passed smoothly enough for him, occupied with the more pressing cares of the present, and with plans for the future. But as the days passed so passed the years. That hoped-for future, that bright mirage to which his eyes were ever turned, receded as he approached and at last faded from sight, leaving him at his journey's end without having reached the object of his desires. Not until we can

appreciate the depth of meaning and of sadness with which those two words unfulfilled purposes are replete, can we fully understand the tragedy in which this New England schoolmaster unconsciously played the title role. He brings to mind the heroes of the old Greek plays, ignorant of their fate, thinking all is well with them, lured on to destruction by those deities to whom they look for protection and help; then suddenly in an instant and without apparent cause, involved in utter ruin, and seeing their position only when it is too late to save themselves.

Churchill is a lovable hero, his weakness is his only fault. He lived in close companionship with nature, and had learned to read many of her secrets. He could find a poetry in all the common things of life, and what other men passed over idly was full of suggestions to him. Yet with this correct appreciation of common things he combined a strange lack of the power to use them. His works, his aspirations, were all in the future. He could not grasp the present and make it his own; he could not mould his romance out of the materials which lay ready at hand, in the loves of Kavanagh and Cecilia and the broken heart of Alice. He could not take incidents in which he himself had been an actor, and clothe them with the halo of romance. He always reached out to attain something which lay just beyond, and finding that he could not touch it he ceased his efforts, and like a child, sought some new toy. He lacked the power to press boldly on and seize upon the impossible, to bend circumstances to his will, instead of giving himself up to circumstances. He had not that firmness of purpose which makes stepping-stones out of stumbling-blocks, and is only satisfied with attainment. Thus others wrote the books he had planned, and timidity and self-distrust made him fearful of bestowing upon a critical public the cherished treasures which had so long been his own peculiar property. The little cares of life he found large enough to occupy his time, and children of the body filled the place of children of the brain.

What a contrast is this man to Kavanagh. Similar in many respects; in their love for nature and their power to appreciate her; in their likes and dislikes; in the character of their intellects and the things which they made the objects of thought; yet they were very different. They dreamed the same dreams and had the same fancies and aspirations. But the one never ceased to dream, and made his life a sort of intellectual sleep-walking. He lived as if under the influence of some potent drug which furnished him with visions of surpassing beauty, and he never dared to rouse himself, lest too rude an awakening might put an end to his pleasant slumbers. The other knew how to make his imagination subordinate to his reason. He was strong enough to direct his aspirations toward a purpose, and make them serve it. He was wise enough to apply the touch-stone of reality to every plan, and to judge it by the manner in which it bore this test.

There may be some who think that Churchill's fortune was not hard, nor would they blame him for the way in which he lived. He was contented and happy, such would say, in his humble sphere, and fulfilled well its duties. His friends formed a just estimate of him, and he knew his own powers and took satisfaction in them. Why should he venture out into the world and struggle for a prize which he might not obtain? Why should he stake all that he possessed in a game whose chances were fearfully against him, and in which the winner gained only an empty reputation? He lived happy in one sense indeed, but such a man could not have been truly happy. There would come to him reproachful memories of wasted hours and of neglected opportunities. He would feel that he had not made the most of his life, nor put his talents to their best use. Those sad words "it might have been," would ring continually in his ears, accusing and condemning at the same time. There would be bitter self-reproaches and self-dissatisfaction, and bitterest of all, the feeling that the golden opportunities had passed, and that the words "too late" would be the only greeting his efforts could receive.

Then would such a man as Churchill say, if experience had lent him wisdom: Better than idle luxury is stern endeavor; better than purpose is performance; better than day-dreams, gorgeous as those inspired by the Eastern drug, is a reality though poor and mean; better than to-morrow is to-day.

S. R. B.



A NATION'S LITERATURE.

THE soul and life of a literature are independence of thought and a distinct nationality. Without these all energy and vitality must cease. However excellent the models selected, the effect of close imitation is always degrading to the intellect.

The study of the works of Greece and Rome, though ultimately of the greatest advantage to Italy, at first deprived her of all originality, "giving fetters rather than wings to the human mind." The most brilliant periods of history, those on which we delight to dwell, are those in which literature has been most independent in tone and most national in character. The ages of Pericles in Athens, of Louis XIV. in France, and of Elizabeth in England, are the most illustrious periods in the annals of their respective countries, as well as the golden age of their several literatures. The productions of the great authors who flourished in these periods are stamped with a distinct nationality. The immortal Epics of Homer are but the reproduction of the history and manners of ancient Greece. The master dramas of Shakespeare are founded, in the main, upon the scenes most illustrious in the annals of English warfare: "his familiar characters are not shrubs of foreign growth transplanted into his pages, but genuine productions of the soil, creations of his own homebred fancy."

A literature to be national must identify itself with the country that gave it birth; must shadow forth the insti-

tutions of its people, and associate its name with what is thrilling or heroic in its history, and with what is striking and sublime in its scenery. In Theology, in Politics, in Philosophy, and in the lighter works of Poetry and Romance, these characteristics must be carefully preserved; and the best literature (unless we look for such a literature as Goethe anticipated—a literature of the world—) is that which most clearly interprets the sentiments and most faithfully represents the character of a people.

The past history of our country and its present condition furnish elements for the construction of a literature, not only one of a national character, but one that shall be as abiding as time and as beneficial in its effects as truth itself. This country was settled by men whose greatest pleasure was to worship God and keep his commandments. For an unmolested enjoyment of this pleasure they banished themselves from their native land. These pilgrims brought hither the religion, not of skepticism nor of atheism, but of Christ. Such was the system of belief that was early adopted throughout our whole land; the spirit of which has left its impression upon our national character, and reared us into a mighty people.

"The pilgrim's spirit is not dead,
It walks in the noon's broad light,
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars at night."

Whatever literature we possess is strongly characterized by high moral tone, by freedom from licentiousness, and by a respect for the Bible. Though we envy such intellects, we rejoice that amongst our philosophers and historians we have neither an unbelieving Hume nor a sneering Gibbon: our poets exhibit no such distorted fancies as a misanthropic Byron and a faithless Shelley; and instead of an atheistic Mirabeau, we have a pious Washington, as the guiding star of our destiny.

Closely united with this Christian spirit in our literature is the principle of liberty. The spirit of civil and religious freedom permeates all our social and political

institutions; it breathes into every just public measure the breath of life, directs and controls every movement of the American mind. Such principles as these give to literature an independent and catholic tone, a lively regard for the interest of humanity, and an intense hatred of cruelty and oppression.

It was soon after the period of our struggle for freedom that a small body of men in Connecticut attempted to found for America a truly national literature. They combined at once the religion of the Puritan and the independence of the Anglo-Saxon mind. They succeeded in laying the foundation of our literature on the four cornerstones of equality, dignity of labor, nationality and religion.

"Time's noblest offspring is the last." The literature of most countries of Europe exhibits either a sad want of moral principle, or a cringing pursuit of royal favor. How many blessings might have been conferred on France, and how many wars and civil dissensions avoided, had that splendid galaxy of authors that encircled the grand monarch been arrayed in the cause of liberty and truth! The world might have been spared many of those shocking barbarities that now disgrace the annals of history; and the citizens of France might never have dipped their hands in fraternal blood. But instead of employing their talents in eradicating old and dangerous errors, and in laying the foundations of civil and religious liberty, they maintained an unbroken silence on the affairs of the commonwealth. Instead of defending the national liberty, they vied with each other in rendering homage to that splendid tyrant, the absolute monarch, the State itself. By their fawning adulation to the throne, they were faithless to the high calling of literature, and degraded themselves to the low rank of sycophants and idolaters of royalty. Thus did these giant intellects, the sound of whose praise might have been heard throughout the whole world, abandon the highest themes of human inquiry, and leave the boundaries of truth and error, to be confounded by the daring impiety of Voltaire and his

infidel followers. Not so did our early writers discharge their literary trust ; not so have their successors proved unfaithful to their country and their God. They have consecrated their powers to the cause of freedom, and America possesses the germ of a literature as liberal and humane and independent as the institutions which she defends and upholds. It is sometimes said that America offers no soil congenial to the growth of poetry and the nurture of the imagination. But this is not so, for she possesses a scenery as varied and beautiful as the world has ever seen, a scenery calculated to refine the taste and elevate the thoughts of a contemplative mind. Both traditions and monuments point to nations that once flourished here in a high state of civilization, which have long since passed away ; but the veil of obscurity that hangs around their existence and their history is sufficient to attract the imaginative author, and furnish the materials for poetry and romance.

The principles that we have seen scattered broadcast over our land, and the influences that are now at work, will, when fully developed, lead to a more just conception of the office and dignity of man and conduct to the most splendid triumphs of the human intellect. B. B.

NOTABILIA.

BILLIARDS.

There is an instructive little legend about the conduct of a man who was arrested in some country or other, at some time or other, for having in his possession a pack of playing-cards. No doubt you know the story, so we will bore you with only a very little part of it. In the courtroom, when asked for a defense of his wickedness in carrying about with him the unholy cards, he proved that they were for him a compendium of biblical and secular knowledge, and were the inspiration of his most religious

thoughts. Each card taught a scriptural lesson,—impressed upon his memory some noteworthy fact. The nine and ten spots suggested the words of Scripture, "Were there not ten cleansed, but where are the nine?" The five was symbolical of the books of the Pentateuch. The seven represented the days in a week; the four, the weeks in a month.

If such is the influence of cards, the game of billiards is a whole library of moral and intellectual instruction. Of course you play at our friend's near the post office. To begin with, your æsthetic feelings are cared for. There hangs, facing you as you enter, a portrait, strikingly like the original—no man can look upon it and ever again say that there is nothing in art. This picture alone can suggest to you, if you are in a thoughtful mood, reflections enough to furnish subjects for another series of letters on the "Intellectual Life." They might be addressed to a young man of excellent taste—To one who believes in physiognomy—To one who denies the quality of self-appreciation, etc., etc.—but this is only incidental. You choose your table and cue. In one of the magazines there appeared, not long ago, in a disjointed article entitled "Remarks," this idea: "Man is a hunter; opportunity is a shot-gun; success is like a squirrel on a fence-stake across a ten-acre lot: force and skill stand in place of powder and aim." Not for its epigrammatic ingenuity, nor its richness of style do we quote this, but for the sake of suggesting to its brilliant author another analogy when he next wishes to write. Something of this style—the truth we vouch for: Man is a billiard-player; opportunity is a cue; success is like a shot at the other end of the table; force and skill stand in place of chalk and aim. Allegories of this kind are always valuable in enforcing moral truths. The point of it all is that billiards yield to nothing, not even to hunting, in materials for such allegories.

You begin your game. The smooth green surface, the perfect rolling of the balls, the exact angles, the strange directions, the grasping of situations, choice of plans, ex-

periments, successes, failures, unexpected results, luck, rivalry,—no wonder that there is fascination in it, no wonder that to some men the fascination never lessens. But there is moral training in it—lessons that learned make character. To be quick in thought, accurate in judgment, to bear success and to bear failure with equal calmness, to acknowledge a rival's skill, to be fair and honest, to do your best, to accept fate without grumbling, but as far as possible to "make circumstances,"—"Butler's Sermons" can teach but little more. Yet there is more,—if you wish to study human nature, character, by billiards they are revealed. Unconsciously, a man's actions by the billiard-table are types of what he will do in life. The careless man, the man who plays for general effects, the man who gives up after a little of misfortune, the man who is made angry by another's luck, the man whom excitement renders powerless, the man who makes a study of every shot, the man who tries in every way to unnerve his adversary, the man of never-failing excuses for his defeat,—you have played with them all. You will meet and recognize them often enough in life, though neither you nor they ever play billiards.

But there is a fairer side. Have you forgotten those games where there were four players, and two of them played with maces, when if there had been only you and one from the other side playing it would have made little difference in the result of the game,—but only in the result. For the maces were pushed so carefully, your advice was asked so eagerly, that, though the shots were missed utterly, you would not for all the games that were ever won have had the mace-bearers away. Your pardon,—how could you have forgotten them, for if you lost you cared not, if only there was another game to follow, for you wished that you were playing in "a land where all things always seemed the same."

NOT IN THE CURRICULUM.

That there are many lessons learned in college for which the curriculum makes no provision, that some of

them are more valuable to the learner than any that he ever recited, and that some it would be well for him if he had never studied, even those who have never been students know. It is true that these are optional, and that to a certain extent a man can choose his own course if he will, but if he makes no choice, circumstances will make it for him. Among these possible acquirements is incapacity for attention. A strange result from a college life you think, but not less an actual one. One of our most distinguished professors once said that the habit of hearing talking without thinking of its meaning, of letting words fall upon the ear, making no more impression upon the mind than empty sound, was to be most carefully guarded against, being a habit easily contracted, but difficult to break. But there are so many opportunities to acquire it. For four years there is systematic daily training to perfection in it. Chapel prayers were probably instituted for the religious improvement of the students, and because it was thought proper to open each day by attendance upon them. That it is a man's own fault if they are not to him what they were intended to be, if they do not seem to him real worship, is largely true. But it is no less true, that a large number of students do not think of them as worship at all, and that they are "carried on at one end of the chapel." And, indeed, unless a man bears the feeling of worship in his own heart as he enters the chapel, there is little in externals there to awaken it in him. So it happens that men not being interested in what is going on, pay little attention to it. Rushing from hasty breakfasts, pushing up the aisles men studying all around, a monotony in hymns and prayers,—the thoughts of the five hundred gathered there would make a strange medley, if they were only given words. Four years of this—the result a remark of a graduate hints at: he found it almost impossible after leaving college to pay attention to any prayer, and his power of giving continuous attention to any speaking whatever was greatly weakened. Are not some of us adding to the ample opportunities which the chapel

affords us for bringing about this result, by the way in which we receive some of the lectures delivered to us in this our Senior year? Is it not worth while to control our attention wherever we are, if only for the practice of it?

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Our Record

Extends from January 22d to February 23d. We are truly thankful for this eclectic month of thirty-one days. For that one day enables us to chronicle the birth of George Washington (called indifferently, General, George, or the Father of his Country) in the year 1732. We do not feel justified, however, in making any mention of this great and good man. We *had* prepared an elaborate and exhaustive biography of this distinguished citizen, in the anticipation that the Faculty would grant unto us a holiday; but, since it has been their pleasure to decide otherwise, we cannot consistently produce it. Suffice it to say the Sophomores, even under such melancholy circumstances, made an enthusiastic display of patriotism. A gorgeous procession, with dancing lanterns like huge will-o'-the-wisps, paraded the campus, coupling in heart-stirring song and stentor-like tones the heroic names of Washington and Hannibal Jones. After firing the culverin in honor of the occasion, they "dispersed to their rooms." Concerning the weather.—For a much more graphic and truthful account than it is in our power to give, we must refer the reader in the provinces to the journals and statements of Doctor Kane concerning his Arctic adventures. *Nominibus mutatis*, they are as accurate accounts as one would need. Suffice it to say our childish ideas conceived from "The Sea of Ice," with the exception of the Aurora Borealis, have been realized, and only the Polar bear in front of Burgess' has been totally happy. Such weather promotes asceticism—or, rather, communism. To those compelled to wander forth slides have been a great boon. What is more exciting, more exhilarating than, after a stag-like bound, to launch forth on slippery ice and sweep along with momentum's mad career. To learn the lesson that labor brings enjoyment. Shall we blush to confess our pleasure? Surely it is no weakness. The great Pickwick himself in his gayer hours indulged

therein. "Keep the pot a biling, sir, says Sam," and the great man taxed his utmost nerve to fulfill this request. Heaven keep thee, kind friend, from a final fate like his. And yet you smile when some worthy Cit gives you an example of unstable equilibrium and sprawls headlong. Shall the *Lit.* blame you?—Go to. Yet the most graceful slides were executed at the

Glee Club Concert,

Given on the evening of February 1. Music Hall was well filled and the Club received a flattering reception. The programme, containing several new pieces, was doubled in length by the numerous *encore* responses. The chorus from Ernani was excellently rendered. The new warble met with great success, and the "Blue Danube" was given with an excellence and precision superior to any other selection. Mr. Jones received an *encore* for his excellent tenor solo. Mr. Sellers was as fortunate in his warbles, and Mr. Patton, with his revised edition of "Bohunkus," completed the happy trio. Truth compels us to remark that, although the audience could see the Glee Club with the greatest ease, yet a first tenor excels them in the rapidity with which he "sees" an *encore*. We must regard the personal appearance of the Club as faultless, since every wary young damsel who went to the concert certainly presented an appearance at the

Junior Promenade Concert,

On the evening of February 2d. Here we dash down the pen in an agony of despair. How can we give in successive periods, any fitting account of that occasion—of the anxious face of young Philemon waiting at the railway station for the charming Miss Baucis—of the joy with which he whirls her and Mrs. Baucis in his swift chariot (what's the Latin for Murray?) to the (oh, bathos) New Haven House—of the intense interest he takes in parading Miss B. up and down the long halls, around and about the campus—of the anxious and deferential conduct of young P. toward Mrs. B.—of the charming interest the daughter has in college subjects—of the staid halls echoing to maidenly laughter—of the heartless manner in which each and every damsel broke her engagement to attend prayers the next morning.—But we anticipate. All of this cannot be described. John Leech could have given us the picture; few others. Poetical for the nonce, we must be prosaic. The hall was tastefully and handsomely decorated, the stage especially being exquisitely adorned with flowers. Mr. Bernstein fur-

nished the music, and rendered excellently an admirable selection of dance music. Jackson presided with his customary genius at the lemonade stand, and not a single awkward hitch or drawback marred the perfectness of the evening. We believe the committee deserve much praise for the excellent Promenade Concert of the class of 1876. A few members of the Senior class gave an impromptu German in Delta Kappa Hall on the morning succeeding the concert. Disclaiming all knowledge of the technical features of this wondrous dance, we yet are able to assert that the German was excellently lead and was an excessively pleasant affair. The Juniors also gave their German in the same hall in the afternoon. This, we understand, was a complete success. But, alas! the joy soon vanished. Philemon bade adieu and commenced to make up lessons. And yet we believe that it is an open question, if the Fair had known of the treat in store for them, whether they would have consented to depart on that miserable drizzly 3d of February. Had they remained a few days they might have witnessed from the balcony of the New Haven House, even at high noon, a genuine old

Banger Rush

That gladdened each and every conservative heart. A dense mass surged up Chapel street, their right resting on Trinity Church, the left on Redcliffe's, and the center hovering round generally. The banger was borne bravely. Bravely did the valiant Sophomores rally for the fray. The worthy burgesses stood aghast; the youthful urchin cheered them on. The general position of forces resembled that at Cannæ. Slowly fighting, step by step the mass swept into the very jaws of Death into the mouth of Hell. The wary Faculty were on them; "*Sauvre qui peut*" drowned the respective cries of "Oh Soph!" "Oh Fresh!" and both forces fled, leaving their baggage and camp equipments in the hands of the common enemy. Fighting over "King Log" some of them fell victims to "King Stork." Rumor of skirmish and petty *mêlée* have reached us in which Fortune has proved herself fickle as is her wont.

It is with a feeling of great sorrow that we announce the death of Mr. Henry T. Thomas, of the Sophomore class. Mr. Thomas died at Norwich, Connecticut, Sunday, Jan. 31, after a brief illness. His death has left a place in the class that can never be filled. Few of so tender years attain such perfectness of character and life. Gifted with rare abilities, conscientious in his use of them, consistent and fearless in his discharge of the duties of life, he won the respect, admiration and love

of all with whom he came into contact. It will ever be a consolation in the midst of our poignant grief that few amongst us could have been called into the presence of their Maker so fully prepared as was Henry T. Thomas. Appended are the resolutions passed by his class :

WHEREAS, It has seemed pleasing to the Almighty to take from us our much-loved friend and classmate, HENRY T. THOMAS; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the class of '77, of Yale College, unitedly mourn the untimely death of one endeared to us by the ties of a deep and lasting affection.

Resolved, That we recognize his great ability and thoroughness as a student, and acknowledge that his success was ever well deserved. That as a Christian and a member of the class church committee, he was the life of our religious interest, never failing to give sympathy or kindly advice to those who needed it.

Resolved. That both as a class and as individuals, we tender our heartfelt sympathy to his family and friends.

Resolved, That we wear during fifteen days a badge of mourning in token of our bereavement.

Resolved, That these resolutions be printed, and that a copy of them be sent to his home.

F. J. STIMSON,	} Committee.
C. W. BARNES,	
RUSSELL FROST,	
J. F. KEATOR,	
F. B. PERCY,	

Prizes

In the Senior class for excellence in the solution of astronomical problems have been awarded as follows: 1st prize, William A. Hungerford; 2d prize, Edwin A. Hill. For the two best essays on the Huxley-Sterling controversy on Protoplasm: 1st prize, Edwin A. Hill; 2d prize, Eugene Bouton. In the Sophomore class prizes for excellence in English Composition have been assigned as follows: 1st prizes, L. D. Bradley, E. R. Dillingham, A. Gould, J. G. Pyle; 2d prizes, A. R. Kimball, W. Merrifield, H. T. Thomas, G. M. Tuttle; 3d prizes, C. F. Chapin, E. B. Goodell, F. A. Mitchell, W. H. Upton. Mr. Bradley also received a prize for the best poem, "On the contemplation of the Heavens at night."

Items.

Miss Emily Soldene lately delighted the "average student," appearing in "Madame l'Archiduc" and "Genevieve de Brabant," supported by an excellent company. She fancies she is hand and glove with one of the Faculty. She was "sold in" a very disreputable manner.—We have to chronicle three masked balls: one in Delta Kappa, two in Music Hall. The last two sad examples of "Dutch" treats.—Commencement pieces are to be handed in by March 23d.—Prof. D. Cady Eaton is delivering an excellent course of lectures at the Art

School.—Theodore Thomas is giving a course of concerts at Music Hall.—E. P. Howe has been elected chairman, and W. W. Hyde treasurer of the '76 Lit.—Van Horne, '76, has withdrawn from college on account of an affliction of the eyes.—Candy Sam has returned, having thrown aside his cosmopolitan tendencies. He tells, like another Othello, of "hair-breadth 'scapes," &c. His style of narrative has all the *naïveté* of Sir John Mandeville, combined with the graphic descriptive style of Jules Verne.—"The Madonna in Christian Art," the successful essay for the John A. Porter prize, and "The Causes of Cromwell's Failure," the article second in merit, have both been published.—The various debating societies are in full blast. A match debate between the Senior and Sophomore organizations is on the tapis. The former has just concluded an impeachment trial.—The Elm City ball nine bids fair to be a capital organization. Our nine hopes for excellent practice with the same.—*He* will do anything from selling you blacking to cutting out your silhouette.—Jan. 28 was observed as a day of prayer for colleges. The various classes were addressed by different members of the Faculty.—The Freshmen have elected their deacons, and no pipe-laying, nor log-rolling, nor wire-pulling going on. Oh, for the palmy days of '74! *They* knew how to run such an affair, they did. Messrs. Jennings, Knott and Beckwith were chosen.—The prize declamation contest in Delta Kappa took place Feb. 13. Messrs. A. F. Jenks, D. A. Jones and E. W. Southworth, '75, were the judges. Mr. C. F. Carter received the first prize; Messrs. H. W. Lamb and J. A. Peet divided the second, and Mr. H. Hostetter received honorable mention.—A meeting has been held concerning the organization of a Young Men's Christian Association.



BOOK NOTICES.

The Greville Memoirs: A journal of the Reigns of King George IV. and King William IV. By Charles C. F. Greville. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard; New York. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Almost every one has cherished at times the fond wish that he could be carried back to live awhile with the people on the stage forty or fifty years ago, to see them from day to day—dining, chatting, hunting, intriguing—to talk with them, and understand, not merely their external manners, but also their modes of thought and principles of action. Especially is this so in regard to the prominent figures of those times—such men as Lord Broug-

ham, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Grey, the Duke of Wellington, and Talleyrand. The work before us satisfies this desire to a greater degree, we believe, than anything heretofore published. Mr. Greville, from his position as clerk of the Council, had unequalled facilities for an inside view of all public men and measures. He was a keen observer, an unprejudiced critic. He gives us his opinion on the spot, a contemporary view, which, afterwards, he sometimes has occasion to modify. His delineations of the great are more instructive than flattering; nothing scurrilous about them, but he does not hesitate to speak his mind plainly regarding even royalty itself. He manifests a thorough contempt for his Majesty, George the Fourth, who "leads a most extraordinary life—never gets up till six in the afternoon. He breakfasts in bed, does whatever business he can be brought to transact in bed, too. He sleeps very ill, and rings his bell forty times in the night; if he wants to know the hour, though a watch hangs close to him, he will have his *valet de chambre* down rather than turn his head to look at it." William IV, also, is drawn with as free a hand. "His ignorance, weakness and levity put him in a miserable light, and prove him to be one of the silliest old gentlemen in his dominions." Mr. Greville, of course, does not hesitate to chronicle royal profanity and to tell us about the Fitzclarences. Naturally enough, the present Queen is not partial to so faithful a history of her uncles. Piquant anecdotes of kings, ministers, diplomats, literati, we might quote to almost any extent, but you must read for yourself to appreciate the frankness, truth and manliness of the whole book. The character of the Iron Duke, especially, our author seems to grasp with rare discrimination, admiring the general, but despising the minister. So, too, almost all his judgments of persons show no little penetration and good sense. The original journal contains a wearisome amount of unimportant details in regard to political issues now long dead. But in this volume of the Bric-a-Brac series we have a careful and judicious abridgement. Mr. Stoddard deserves our thanks for performing his task with such conscientiousness and success. While looking forward with high anticipations to the appearance of the portion of this journal covering Victoria's reign, withheld at present out of regard to some still living, we can but concur in the moral of this book, as expressed in that sage remark by Chancellor Oxenstiern, "You do not know with how little wisdom mankind is governed."

The Influence of Music on Health and Life. By Dr. H. Chowet. Translated from the French by Mrs. Laura N. Flint. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This book is rather startling. No one but a Frenchman could have written it. The learned Doctor is an enthusiastic lover of music, and has come to have full faith in its preventive and curative power for various nervous diseases. He traces briefly the history of music in different nations, and then discusses the nature and origin of sound, together with its effects upon animate and inanimate objects. All, he claims, whether animate or inanimate, are pervaded to a greater or less degree by a sonorous or musical fluid, and are capable of being "charged" with it. He takes up separately the effects of music on the physical organization, on morals and on the intellect, specifying also the precautions to be taken in using it for the sick.

The work is delightfully ingenious and ingenuous. It brings out many suggestive points. Yet we are by no means persuaded to agree in its conclusions. A professional physicist is, of course, the proper person to confute them in detail. But every reader, while heartily admiring the author's musical enthusiasm, can readily see, we think, that he rests his position on quite insufficient premises.

The Vatican Decrees and Civil Allegiance. By Archbishop Manning. Also, *A Letter to the Duke of Norfolk on the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's Recent Exposition.* By J. H. Newman, D.D. New York: Catholic Publication Society.

The interest excited on both sides of the Atlantic by Mr. Gladstone's celebrated pamphlet regarding Catholic alliance will ensure both these replies a wide circle of readers. Each is a stout brochure of one hundred and seventy odd pages, in a form at once convenient and elegant. Both are answers to the ex-Premier from a Catholic standpoint, but the features of difference are more striking than those of similarity. Archbishop Manning, being the acknowledged leader of English Romanists, and a supposed aspirant even to the chair of St. Peter, deserves, of course, especial attention as an official defender of the doings of the late Ecumenical Council. His defense is, unquestionably, very able and sagacious, the most so, probably, of any thus far published in English. He maintains at length, as all would expect him to do, that these Decrees "have in no jot or tittle changed either the obligations or the conditions of civil allegiance." So far, so good; we are glad to have this point thus definitely explained. But when he goes on to assert "that the relations of the Catholic Church to the civil powers of the world have been immutably fixed from the beginning," and "that any collisions now existing have been brought on by changes, not on the part of the Catholic Church, much less of the Vatican Council, but on the part of the civil powers, and that by reason of a systematic conspiracy against the Holy See," the careful student of history will find it hard to agree with him. History it is which chiefly troubled Dr. Newman, also, in his sorrowing letter to Bishop Ullathorne, written in 1870. This may be instructively read in connection with his present utterances, and may serve to show his deep-seated opposition to the schemes of the Ultramontanists. "What have we done," he exclaimed, "to be treated as the faithful were never treated before? Why should an aggressive, insolent faction be allowed to 'make the heart of the just sad, whom the Lord hath not made sorrowful?' Why cannot we be let alone when we have pursued peace and thought no evil?" But now that the Council is over, he endeavors to make the best of its work. Yet the simple fact that a man standing so high as Dr. Newman in scholarship and dialectics, should take a view differing so materially from that of the Archbishop, speaks much, not only for his own independence and sincerity, but for that also of a very considerable body in the Roman Catholic Church.

A National Constitution; the only Road to National Peace. A letter to the President of the United States. By William Giles Dix. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

This little pamphlet is one of the most peculiar and entertaining that we have met with for a long time. Although somewhat amusingly rhetorical,

the author is evidently in dead earnest, and takes up the very first principles of our government. He desires to exorcise from our body politic "the gory demon of State sovereignty." Our Constitution, he thinks, is fundamentally at fault. Washington, Hamilton, Pinckney and other "nationalists of the Constitutional Convention," while "hiding, as well as they could, the Moses of Nationality in the bulrushes of Federalism, accepted and even advocated a Federal Union, when they could not get national unity, and hoped for a brighter day." This day, he seems to believe, is now dawning. So he urges the President and petitions Congress to assemble another convention, (the "delegates chosen one for and by each Congressional district,") in Philadelphia,—which "the hopes of our fathers and the memories of their sons, meeting like the wings of the cherubim over the ancient altar of God, together consecrate as the Holy City of our history,"—the Constitution framed by this body, if ratified by the people, not the States, to supercede the present instrument. Such a plan, we hardly need to say, appears thoroughly chimerical. Yet the reconstruction difficulties which have suggested it are stubborn facts, and certainly demand for their solution the wisest and most far-seeing statesmanship. The true method, however, of political progress is not by iconoclasm, but by growth. Our time-honored constitution, also, as Webster so conclusively showed, is established between the people, not the States. Accordingly, Mr. Dix, however sincere his motives, cannot justly expect, we think, any numerous following.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Of all dull reading, the reading of our exchanges is the dullest. Strained witticisms, inane remarks, meet our eyes on every hand. Yet we should not speak so strongly, for there are some exceptions, and among these *The Vassar Miscellany* stands forth conspicuously. Always good, the number before us, the first one of the year, is even better than usual. What a contrast it presents to the *Tyro*, a small, a very small paper, also coming from Poughkeepsie. The title is the only good thing about it, unless we except this "wishy-washy" effusion.—The word is quoted from the *Tyro* itself :

MILLAIS'S "HUGUENOTS,"

[*To H. playing one of Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte."*]

Your fav'rite picture rises up before me,
Whenever you play that tune ;
I see two figures standing in a garden,
In the still autumn noon.

"See love !" she murmurs ; "you shall wear my kerchief,
It is the badge, I know ;
And it will bear you safely through the conflict,
If—if, indeed, you go !

You will not wear it? Will not wear my kerchief?
 Nay! do not tell me why.
 I will not listen! If you go without it,
 You may go hence to die.

We cannot resist giving another and somewhat different quotation from this periodical.

"The more one knows, the more he finds he is astonished and perplexed. And wise men see how vain is their little wisdom compared with that which they never acquire. An ignorant person can never know that he is ignorant. There was once a man who owned an educated goose. When he would ask that goose, 'Are you a swan?' he would shake his head vehemently. 'Are you a duck?' he would still answer no; but if asked if he were a goose, he would immediately bow in the affirmative. If that goose had not been *educated* he would never have known that he was a goose."

Dear little *Tyro*, why won't you follow out the moral of your own story. But let its editors blush. They have nothing in their paper equal to this from the *McKenzie Repository*. The piece is entitled, "Pearl-Handled Sickles." The author "Emilie." The style—well, it speaks for itself. "The harvest scene of olden time was one of peculiar beauty and interest. The reapers, both men and maidens, are dressed in their rustic costumes; the waving grain is rippling and sparkling in the sun's rays like a molten sea of gold, the fleece-like clouds are drifting overhead, giving a friendly shade to the sun-browned harvesters."

Could anything be more touching, unless, perhaps, some of its personals? for instance:

"W. W. W., class of '73, wisely concluded a better half would pay. He is now principal of the High Schools, Jefferson county, Illinois.

H. J., class of '51, has entered the shackles of matrimony, and is living on a farm near Carlyle, Illinois.

Last Wednesday evening a party of young folks from the college called at the residence of Mr. Charles Blanck. As an indication of their enjoyment, they never broke up till nearly the hour of midnight. The moonlight was very beautiful, so 'certain ones' said on their way home."

Then, again, listen to this mournful lament from the *Archangel*:

"Where are they, with whom we passed so many happy hours in youth; they who sat beside us in the old school-room, or gamboled with us upon the lawn? Again we ask where are they, with whom we mingled during the zenith of our fame, and those who struggled to mount still higher on the ladder of ambition? Many to succeed and many more who fell back, and like all, are lost to sight. Where are they, who in years gone by, braved the dangers of the desert to reach this beautiful land of Oregon, the Italy of America?"

We are not the only sufferers from unkind criticisms. The *Courant* and *Record* both come in for their share. Of the former the *Tripod* says:

The *Yale Courant* is rather militant these days. Would it not be well to confine the belligerency to Harvard? We notice that Cornell and Union are in danger of getting black eyes. The 'fresh-water' folks are utterly impartial about it, but it looks here as though our sprightly friends of the *Courant* were taking too much work."

And in no gentle tone the *Archangel* speaks of the latter:

"We received a copy of the *Yale Record*, all the way from 'Yankeedom.' At first we were strongly impressed that it was a vagabond copy of the famous 'Blue Laws,' from its bigoted tone. We are, of course, beneath its notice, but still we will venture to suggest that it would be a good idea for the editors at 'Yale' to organize a society of etiquette for their mutual benefit; for manners they have none, if the *Record* is their legitimate exponent."

Tell us, oh ye editors of the *Tyro*, *Tripod* and *Archangel*, what have we done that we deserve to be "sat upon?"

Judging from the *Southern Collegian*, they must be a mercenary set at the Washington and Lee University. The paper is filled with such remarks as this: "To keep a lady's hands from chaps, let it be known that she has no money."

And the following, though certainly not original, is taken from the same source: "When traveling on a Western railroad, famous for its roughness, a passenger remarked to the conductor, 'It's smooth along here.' 'Yes,' answered the conductor, 'we're off the track.'"

But let us turn to pleasanter themes. Why does not St. Valentine come a little oftener? We—and by we is not intended the editor in charge, but one of his associates, too modest to allow his name in print, but easily recognized from his being our society editor—were the recipient a week ago last Saturday of so expressive a valentine that we are constrained to give it in full.

I am a lovely little maiden,
There's none I can call mine,
I'd take it very kind, sir,
If you'd be my valentine.

My eyes and hair are darkish brown,
My measure four feet nine,
Quite different from you, sir,
My wished-for valentine.

I always will be very true,
If your heart to me incline;
For above all things I want, sir,
A tall, fair valentine.

Now I must stop my writing,
My name I will not sign,
For, lovely, you must know it,
If you are my valentine.

So send me soon a letter,
If it only be a line,
With your answer to this question,
Will you be my valentine?

The reader need not throw the magazine aside with a sneer.—It's brilliant, this table, is it? Why, certainly it is. We returned only a little while ago from the initiation supper of the forty-first board of LIT. editors, and how could it be otherwise? Yet in spite of the wonderful scintillations of wit we have listened to, in spite of an abundance of spirits on our part, our eyes are dim, our mind inactive, and it is with no small amount of joy that, just as day is dawning, we add the last words to our editor's table.

J. W. B.

YALE LIT. ADVERTISER.

Supplement to]

FEBRUARY, 1875.

[XL.

We wish to call particular attention this term to our list of advertisers, and hope the college will consider it a duty to patronize them liberally.

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Bliss & Co.,.....	2	Merwin, E. P.,.....	12
Bowditch & Co.,.....	8	New Haven House,.....	9
Brown, Geo.,.....	4	Notman, W.,.....	11
Burt, Dr. T. F.,.....	9	Price, Dr. Chas. T.,.....	9
Crofut & Co.,.....	5	Redcliffe, J.,.....	6
Cutler,.....	8	Richmond & Patten,.....	7
Hobart & Co.,.....	7	Thill, A.,.....	5
Dudley Bros.,.....	3	Want & Co.,.....	11
Franklin, W.,.....	6	Wilson, F. M.,.....	4
Hurle, T.,.....	8	Walker & Co.,.....	3
Kraft Bros.,.....	7	Yale Dining Rooms,.....	6
Lewis, Thos. C.,.....	10		

We are still able to recommend Dudley Bros. as the best supporters of this department of the LIT.

While their next door neighbors, Crofut & Co., can alone satisfy the fastidious on the subject of hats.

It is quite worth the price of admission to wander through the beautiful store of Benjamin & Ford, near the depot.

It is only a step from the P. O. to Bliss & Co's, where complete satisfaction is given in the tailoring line.

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From our own experience we can recommend the furniture establishment of Bowditch and Co. on Orange st.

Geo. Brown makes society pins of all kinds a specialty, and has on hand an elegant stock of jewelry.

Cutler's picture store has established its reputation.

Mr. Dawson has long been one of our regular patrons, and we are glad to say his stock of fruits has suffered no deterioration.

Hurle hardly needs our recommendation ; whoever sees an absolutely perfect pair of pants knows well enough where they came from.

W. Notman gave the greatest satisfaction to the classes of '72 and '73.

Of the New Haven House it is only necessary to say that it receives the entire patronage of the LIT. board.

Anyone in want of a winter suit will do well to look in at Franklin's on his way to the Post Office.

Lockwood's facilities for satisfying the inner man are known to all.

Kraft Bros. deserve their reputation of giving the best goods for the least money.

For a recommendation to Merwin, apply to any one of his customers.

We extend to all the invitation to step into Redcliffe's and help yourselves.

The position of Thill's new store is probably known to all by this time ; his style of cutting certainly is.

Richmond & Patten seem to have profited by their change of situation.

Want & Co. have a complete stock of optical instruments always on hand.

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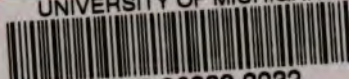
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